Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſailes,
Eſtſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe.
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſailes are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company,
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe wy ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in child bed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he ſought to murder; but her better ſtars brought
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to vs where by her owne moſt cleare remem-
brance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are Oroyall *Pericles*.

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with-
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewels, recouered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whe-
ther I inuite you, look, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my fanctity will
to my ſence bead no licencious eare, but curb it ſpight of ſeeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This no more, you Gods, your preſent kindneſſe makes
my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well that on the touching of
her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come, be buried a
ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.